

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

Copyright by
Charles Scribner's Sons

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "Today's the day! In the haste I had forgotten it, and I'll bet old David has—If he hasn't simply ignored it. That accounts for the reunion at the Metro."

"Don't worry," said Harlan easily. "The bank has gone, vanished, shut up shop. At the end of the ends, I suppose they can make David pay; but they can't very well pinch him for not meeting his note on the dot."

"Massingale doesn't really owe them anything that he can't pay," Brouillard asserted. "By writing and writing and digging up figures, we found that the capitalizing stockholders, otherwise J. Wesley Cortwright, and possibly Schermerhorn, have actually invested fifty-two thousand dollars, or, rather, that amount of Massingale's loan has been expended in equipment and pay rolls. Three weeks ago the old man got the smelter superintendent over here from Red Butte and arranged for an advance of fifty-two thousand dollars on the ore in stock, the money to be paid when the first train of ore cars should be on the way in. It was paid promptly in New York exchange, and Massingale induced the bank over to be used in the directors' meeting, which was never held."

"Go over and flash Massingale's fifty-two thousand dollars at 'em. They'll turn loose. I'll bet a yellow cow worth fifteen cents that they're wishing there was a train out of this little section of South right now. Hear that?"

The crash of an explosion rattled the windows, and the red loom on the Jack's mountain side of the town leaped up and became a momentary glare. The full spirit of destruction, of objective wreck and ruin, was abroad, and Brouillard turned to the stairway door.

"I'll have to be making the rounds again," he said. "The Greeks and Italians are too excited to stand of this. Take care of yourself; I'll leave Grif and a dozen of the trustees to look after the shop."

CHAPTER XXIV
The Terror

When Brouillard reached the sidewalk the upper avenue was practically deserted. But in the eastern residence district, and well around to the north, new storm-centers were marked by the increasing number of fires. Brouillard stopped and faced toward the distant and invisible Timpanian. A chill autumn breeze was sweeping down from the heights and the blockading wall of the great dam turned it into eddies and dust-pilared whirling dancing in the empty street.

Young Griffith snatched up with his Winchester in the hollow of his arm. "Anything new?" he asked.

"No," said Brouillard. "I was just thinking that a little wind would go a long way tonight, with these crazy house-burners looting on the town. Then he turned and walked rapidly to the government headquarters, passed the sentry at the door of the mapping room; and out of the fireproof vault where the drawings and blue-print duplicates were kept took a small tin dispatch box.

He had opened the box and had transferred a slip of paper from it to the leather-covered pocket field book which served him for a wallet, when there was a stir at the door and Castner hurried in, looking less the murderer than the hard-working peace officer.

"More badlam," he announced. "Twenty or thirty good fellows, the mob has gone from wrecking and burning to murdering. 'Pegleg' John was beaten to death in front of his saloon a few minutes ago. It is working this way. There were three fires in the plaza as I came through."

"See Grisol at the commissary and tell him I sent you," said the chief. "I'd go with you, but I'm due at the Metro."

"Good. Then Miss Amy got word to you?" I was just about to deliver her message."

"Miss Massingale? Where is she, and what was the message?" demanded Brouillard.

"Then you haven't heard? The 'Little Susan' is in the hands of a sheriff's posse, and David Massingale is under arrest on some trumped-up charge—sailing ore for his individual account, or something of that sort. Miss Amy didn't go into particulars, but she told me that she had heard the sheriff say it was a penitentiary offense."

"But where is she now?" stormed Brouillard.

"Over at the hotel. I supposed you knew; you said you were going there."

Brouillard snatched up the dispatch box and flung it into the fireproof. While he was locking the door Castner went in search of Grisol, and when Brouillard faced about, another man stood in the missionary's place by the mapping table. It was Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright.

"I didn't think I'd have to ask a favor of you again, Brouillard, but needs must when the devil drives," he began, with an attempted assumption of his former manner. "You didn't know—the newspapers didn't tell us anything about this frightful state of affairs, and—"

Brouillard had suddenly lost his desire to hurry.

"Sit down, Mr. Cortwright," he said. "I was just coming over to see you to congratulate you and Mr. Schermerhorn on your return to Mirapolis. We have certainly missed the mayor, not to mention the president of the common council."

"Of course—yes," was the hurried rejoinder. "But that's all over. You said you'd get us, and you did. I don't bear malice. If you had given me one more day I'd have got you, the stuff that have broken your neck with the Washington people was all written and ready to put on the wires. But that's past and gone, and the next thing is something else. There is a lot of money and securities locked up in the Niquola bank vault. We've come to clean up, and we brought a few peace officers along from Red Butte for a guard. The miserable scoundrels are scared stiff; they won't stir out of the hotel. Brouillard tells me you've got your forces organized and armed—can't you lead us fifty or a hundred huskies

to keep the mob off while we open that bank vault?"

Brouillard's black eyes snapped, and the blood danced in his veins. The opportunity for which he would have bartered Ormuz treasure had come to him—was begging him to use it.

"I certainly can," he admitted, answering the eager question and emphasizing the potentiality.

"But will you? That's the point. We'll make it worth your while. For God's sake, don't say no, Brouillard! There's pretty well up to a million in that vault, counting odds and ends, and left-overs. Schermerhorn oughtn't to have left it. I thought he had sense enough to stay and see it taken care of. But now—"

"But now the mob is very likely to wreck the building and dynamite the vault, you were going to say. I think it is more than likely, Mr. Cortwright, and I wonder that it hasn't been done before this. It would have been done if the rioters had had any idea that would let anything worth taking. And it would probably wreck you and Mr. Schermerhorn if it should get hold of you; you've both been burned in effigy half a dozen times since you ran away."

"Oh, good Lord!" shuddered the magistrate. "Make it two hundred of your men, and let's hurry. You won't turn us down on this, Brouillard?"

"No. It is no part of our duty to go and keep the mob off while you save your stealings, but we'll do it. And from the notes they are making down that way, I think you are wise in suggesting haste. But first there is a question of common justice to be settled. An hour ago, or such a matter, you sent a part of your sheriff's posse up to seize the 'Little Susan' and to arrest David Massingale—"

"It's—it's a lie!" stammered Cortwright. "Somebody has been trying to back me up to you!"

Brouillard looked up, frowning.

"You are a good bit older man than I am, Mr. Cortwright, and I shall punch your head. But you'll know why I ought to when I tell you that my informant is Miss Amy Massingale. What have you done with old David?"

"The man who had lost his knuck of bluffing came down and stayed down. He's—he's over at the hotel," he stammered.

"Under guard?"

"Well—yes."

Brouillard pointed to the telephone on the wall.

"Go and call up your crowd and get it here. Tell Judge Williams to bring the stock he is holding, and Schermerhorn to bring the Massingale notes, and your man Jackson to bring the stock-book. We'll have a directors' meeting that was called, and wasn't held, three weeks ago."

It was a crude little expedient, but it sufficed. Cortwright tramped to the phone and cursed and swore at it until he had his man at the other end of the wire. The man was the lawyer, as it appeared, and Cortwright abused him spitefully.

"You've failed—it failed it beautifully!" he shouted. "Come over here to Brouillard's office and bring Schermerhorn and the stock and the notes."

He had opened the box and had transferred a slip of paper from it to the leather-covered pocket field book which served him for a wallet, when there was a stir at the door and Castner hurried in, looking less the murderer than the hard-working peace officer.

"More badlam," he announced. "Twenty or thirty good fellows, the mob has gone from wrecking and burning to murdering. 'Pegleg' John was beaten to death in front of his saloon a few minutes ago. It is working this way. There were three fires in the plaza as I came through."

"See Grisol at the commissary and tell him I sent you," said the chief. "I'd go with you, but I'm due at the Metro."

"Good. Then Miss Amy got word to you?" I was just about to deliver her message."

"Miss Massingale? Where is she, and what was the message?" demanded Brouillard.

"Then you haven't heard? The 'Little Susan' is in the hands of a sheriff's posse, and David Massingale is under arrest on some trumped-up charge—sailing ore for his individual account, or something of that sort. Miss Amy didn't go into particulars, but she told me that she had heard the sheriff say it was a penitentiary offense."

"But where is she now?" stormed Brouillard.

"Over at the hotel. I supposed you knew; you said you were going there."

Brouillard snatched up the dispatch box and flung it into the fireproof. While he was locking the door Castner went in search of Grisol, and when Brouillard faced about, another man stood in the missionary's place by the mapping table. It was Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright.

"I didn't think I'd have to ask a favor of you again, Brouillard, but needs must when the devil drives," he began, with an attempted assumption of his former manner. "You didn't know—the newspapers didn't tell us anything about this frightful state of affairs, and—"

Brouillard had suddenly lost his desire to hurry.

"Sit down, Mr. Cortwright," he said. "I was just coming over to see you to congratulate you and Mr. Schermerhorn on your return to Mirapolis. We have certainly missed the mayor, not to mention the president of the common council."

he had gathered up the papers he took the New York check from his pocket-book, indorsed it, and handed it to Cortwright. "That is what was spent of the hundred thousand dollars you had Mr. Massingale charged with, as nearly as we can ascertain. Take it and take care of it; it's real money."

He had turned again to the telephone to hurry Leshington, had rung the call, and was chuckling grimly over the collapse of the four men at the end of the mapping table as the fingered the slip of money paper. Suddenly it was borne in upon him that there was trouble of some sort at the door—there were curses, a blow, a mad rush; then . . . It was Stephen Massingale who had fought his way past the door-guarding sentry and stood blinking at the group at the far end of the mapping board.

"You're the houn' dog I'm lookin' for!" he roared, singling out Cortwright when the dazzle of the electric light permitted him to see. "You'll rob an old man first, and then call him a thief and set the sheriff on him, will you?"

Massingale's pistol was dropping to the firing level when Brouillard flung away the telephone earpiece and got between them. Afterward there was a crash like a collision of worlds, a whirling, dancing medley of colored lights fading away to gray and then to darkness, and the engineer went down with the avenger of wrongs tightly locked in his arms.

After the period of darkness had passed and Brouillard opened his eyes again upon the world of things as they are, he had a confused idea that he had overslept shamefully and that the luncheon had given him a bad headache.

The next thought was that the headache was responsible for a set of singular hallucinations. His blanket blank in the sleeping sack seemed to have transformed itself into a sea of blue with pillows and snowy sheets, and the bed was drawn up beside an open window through which he could look out, or seem to look out, upon a vast sea dimpling in the breeze and reflecting the sunshine so brightly that it made his headache a darning agony.

When he turned his face to escape the blinding glare of the sun on the sea the hallucinations became soothingly comforting, not to say ecstatic. Someone was sitting on the edge of the bed; a cool hand was laid upon his forehead; and when he could again see straight he found himself looking up into a pair of violet eyes in which the tears were trembling.

"You are Amy—and this is that other world you used to talk about, isn't it?" he asked feebly.

The cool hand slipped from his forehead to his lips, as if to warn him that he must not talk, and he went through the motions of kissing it. When it was withdrawn he broke the silent prohibition promptly.

"The way to keep me from talking is to do it all yourself; what happened to me last night?"

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"The last night you mean was three weeks ago. Stevie was trying to shoot Cortwright in your office and you got between them. Do you remember that?"

"Perfectly," he said. "But it still seems as if it were only last night. Where am I now?—not that it makes any difference, so long as I'm with you."

"You are at home—our home; at the 'Little Susan.' Mr. Leshington had the men carry you up here, and Mr. Ford ran a special train all the way from Denver with the doctors. Stevie's bullet struck you in the head, and we all thought you were going to die."

"I'm not," he asserted, in feebly desperate determination. "I'm going to live and get to work and earn a hundred thousand dollars, so I can say, 'Come, little girl.'"

Again the restraining hand was laid upon his lips, and again he went through the motions of kissing it.

"You mustn't talk!" she insisted. "You said you'd let me. And when you make the sign of acquiescence, she went on: 'At first the doctors wouldn't give us any hope at all; they said you might live, but you'd never never remember—never have your reason again. But yesterday—'

"Please!" he pleaded. "That's more

than enough about me. I want to know what happened."

"That night, you mean? All the things that you had planned for. Father got the mine back, and Mr. Leshington and the others got the riot quelled after about half of the city was burned."

"But Cortwright and Schermerhorn—I promised them—"

"Mr. Leshington carried out your promise and helped them get the money out of the bank vault before the mob sacked the Niquola building and dynamited it. But at the hotel they were arrested on the order of the bank

examiner, and everything was taken away from them. We haven't heard since it's going to be done with them."

"And Gomerah?" he asked.

She slipped an arm under his shoulder and raised him so he could look out upon the mountain-girt sea dimpling under the morning breeze.

"There is where it was," she said soberly, "where it was, and is not, and never will be again, thank God! Mr. Leshington waited until everybody had escaped, and then he shut the waste-way door."

Brouillard sank back upon the pillows of comfort and closed his eyes.

"Then it's all up to me and the hundred thousand," he whispered. "I'll get it. . . . honestly this time."

The violet eyes were smiling when he looked into them again.

"Is she—the one incomparable she—worth it, Victor?"

"Her price is above rubies, as I told you once a long time ago."

"You wouldn't let pride—a false pride—stand in the way of her happiness?"

"I haven't any; her love has made me very humble and—and good, Amy. Dear. Don't laugh; it's the only word; I'm just hungering and thirsting after righteousness enough to be half-way worthy of her."

"Then I'll tell you something else that has happened. Father and Stevie have reorganized the 'Little Susan' Mining company, dividing the stock into four equal parts—one for each of us. You must take your share, Victor. It will break father's heart if you don't. He says you got it back for him after it was hopelessly lost, and that is true."

"Kiss me, Amy, girl, and then go and tell your father that he is a simple-hearted old spendthrift, and I love him. And if you could wire Castner, and tell him to bring a license along—"

"Oh boy—foolish boy!" she said. "Wait; when you are well and strong again."

But she did not make him wait for the first of the askings; and after a healing silence had fallen to show the needlessness of speech between those who have come through darkness into light, he fell asleep again, perhaps to make the quieting of his head and forehead was the touch of Love, angel of the bright and shining way, summoning him to rise up and go forward as a soul set free to meet the dawning day of fruition.

THE END.

BREEDERS OF CATS AND DOGS

A woman who had long made a hobby of cat raising was passing her vacation in a small New England village, when she chanced to see a Maltese cat with curiously spotted markings. The cat was for sale, and she bought it, for not long ago she found herself the possessor of a champion Boston bull pup, which sold at an amazing price. Since then the dogs have proved a permanent source of income.

While the best place to raise dogs is in the country, where they can have plenty of exercise and fresh air, dog breeding is conducted in many private homes in cities. In New York there are numerous houses whose basements shelter dogs that win blue ribbons in the shows. The majority of the animals thus raised are of the smaller breeds known to the industry as "toy dogs," including terriers, spaniels, poodles, Chinese crested dogs, Mexican hairless dogs and the Pomeranian lap dog. They bring excellent prices, ranging all the way from \$10 to \$1,000.

Most amateur breeders begin with low priced dogs and gradually improve the stock in proportion to the size of their profits. On the other hand, some never handle pedigreed stock at all, but derive fair incomes from the sale of good ordinary stock, at \$5 to \$20 an animal. It does not take long, however, for the average breeder to develop an enthusiasm for pedigreed dogs, which he can exhibit.

The professional breeder, with a reputation to maintain, decides definitely what particular points he wants reproduced and then breeds all his dogs along the same lines. Any pup which fails to possess all of the necessary requirements is ruthlessly disposed of. Sometimes it is just his tail which is too long, and at other times his ears, but that is enough to condemn him.

Protection.

A man who employed a number of boys to pick strawberries was quite anxious to protect them from mosquitoes, so he had bells made to tie down around the neck. The boys were very grateful for his kindness until they found that there were no mosquitoes in that locality, and also that they couldn't eat any berries with those bells on. The "protection" was of another sort—Pittsburgh Press.

Photographic Clock.

The hours, minutes and quarters are spoken by an English clock which has a photograph with a very durable record as a part of its mechanism.

GENERAL BARN FOR SMALL FARM

Gives Ample Accommodations for Three or Four Horses and for Sixteen Cows.

LITTLE WORK TO KEEP CLEAN

Concrete Foundation and Floor Provides Against Dampness and Keeps Out Vermin—Necessity for Dressed and Matched Flooring Is Perceived.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and has prepared a FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The accompanying floor plan and illustration shows a good general barn such as would be of the greatest amount of service on a small farm. It can be used as a small dairy stable or as a barn for beef cattle, and has accommodations for three horses, and a box stall where another horse can be kept. Sixteen cows can be handled readily.

To get the best results with a combination barn it is well to keep the horse and cow parts of the barn separated as completely as is practicable. A solid partition is built in this case and extends across the barn. It is broken by a double sliding door in the litter alley and there are small doors in the two feed alleys.

The cows are arranged in this barn according to the facing-out plan. This concentrates all the manure and all the bedding work in the one alley, which the champions of this arrangement say cuts down the work to a large extent.

In as small a barn as this a litter carrier is not as a general rule provided, but it can be desired. A system that has been used with considerable success both in small and

large barns consists of a large truck that is wheeled about the concrete floor. Many people fear that the flexibility of this method of feeding makes it more desirable than the carrier on the overhead track for installations of all sizes.

The construction of this barn starts with a concrete foundation that is extended above grade about eighteen inches. This wall, which extends entirely around the barn, is carried down below the frost line and with the concrete floor effectively protects the barn against dampness and also eliminates rodents and vermin. If the wall of concrete is carried up above the concrete floor it is easier to keep the barn clean, as the floor can be washed down with a hose and the walls close to the floor, being of concrete, are not affected by the water. The sanitary condition of the barn is therefore much improved.

The connection between the foundation walls and the barn frame must be very carefully made so that no draft can get through. Mortar should be plastered up around the sills and up to the siding, and very often studding sockets are used in place of the sills. In many cases sills rot soon, and a more permanent type

of construction is secured by the use of studding sockets. These are imbedded in the concrete and are made in various shapes, and after the studding is inserted in them it is nailed in position through holes in the sides of the socket.

The walls of a good stable are made in several different ways. They are generally made double, the siding being placed on the outside of the studs and a plastered wall or one of matched boards placed on the inside. As smooth a finish should be secured as is possible.

A dressed and matched flooring should also be placed for the floor of the hay mow, so as to prevent chaff and dust from falling down on the cows.

Wooden Tongs for Handling Fuses. Around switchboards and cut-out boxes there is frequent need for pulling out and inserting fuses, due to the fact that they burn out occasionally when overloaded. To replace fuses with the fingers is sometimes a difficult task, because of the grip with which they are held by the clamping springs.

A set of tongs made of rock-wood, and neatly finished with an insulating varnish. The wood, being an insulator, of course prevents shocking the operator as well as short-circuiting any metal parts with which it may come in contact.

Spell of Samoa. Samoa, when first saw the islands, appeared to Stevenson far less beautiful than the Marquesas or Tahiti. He was not specially attracted by the people, except for their courtesy. Yet the island grew upon his fancy so quickly that in less than a month from his first sight of the harbor of Apia he decided to make his home in Samoa.

Earth Shocks Due to Frost Cracks. In the annual lists of earthquakes registered at the Harvard seismographic station occasional shocks occurring in winter are noted as due to "frost cracks." I. e., the sudden opening of fissures in the ground resulting from freezing. Professor Woodworth, director of the station, states that the late Professor Shaler, in one of his lectures, mentioned the occurrence of a sensible shock at Cambridge, which he traced to a crack in the frozen ground. Professor Woodworth says that "this idea of frost cracks is very widespread in New England as an explanation of many small shocks coming at a time when the frozen ground is known to have cracked open."

Added Gifts. Those who use the grace they have are rewarded with more grace. Cornelius who was reverent toward God and liberal toward men was bidden to send for Peter. Having used wisely the gifts that had been entrusted to him he was now to be favored with more. "This is God's way with his children. 'Whoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance,' it is said."

Proper Fear of God. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, it is the best and most natural way of living, should we not fear and reverence the God that made us, that preserves us, and provides all things for us?—Neal.

Of Course, It Takes Cash. "Be George doing nicely at college?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Yes, indeed," said the fond mother, "and taking such an interest in his studies, too. Why, only last week he wrote home to his father asking for funds with which to pursue his investigation of dramatic celebrities."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Didn't Give Her a Chance. He—What you need is a complete change. She—But you keep on calling.

Most Likely. "I see that trust magnate has bought a farm out in the country." "What do you suppose he is going to raise?" "Prices, probably."

A man's strength is estimated by his ability to fight against odds. A man isn't wholly bad if his dog has confidence in him.

Not only have they been able to secure good lands at low prices and on easy terms but if they desire they have been able to add to this 160 acres of land free, on conditions that are easy. A resident in the Lloydminster district in Saskatchewan who had been farming in the States for some time, then moved to the 160-acre homestead for commenced breaking with a oxen. Two years ago he bought an adjoining quarter section and now has over 100 acres under cultivation. He says, "As my circumstances improved, I sold the oxen and now have six head of horses, twelve head of cattle, and have always a bunch of hogs on hand."

"On an average I had yields of 25 bushels of wheat, 65 bushels of oats, and 40 bushels of barley to the acre, and last season from a field of 25½ acres, I threshed 1,040 bushels of wheat. I have made a success of mixed farming and would have no hesitation in advising all who contemplate making a new home to come to this district. I sell cream to the Government Creamery here, and find at all times a good market for live stock and other produce."

This is but a modest statement of what a modest man can do in Western Canada, and could be repeated of hundreds of others.

Scores of cases could be recited where men more than have accomplished, and it is believed that with moderate investment at the present time, the cattle industry of Western Canada will pay large interest.

The Minister of Agriculture of Saskatchewan, in a recent address, ventured the prediction that the Saskatchewan farmer who develops his land along the lines of general stock breeding would make much more money and find a far bigger return for his efforts in ten years' time than the man who devoted his energies purely and primarily to grain raising. This was the common golden age of opportunity for the stockman and it was up to the Saskatchewan man to get in on the ground floor and prepare himself for the coming demand.

The close of the war would undoubtedly see great demand for live stock in Europe and it was only reasonable to suppose that this demand would have to be filled almost wholly by American stockmen, both in Canada and the United States. Europe was slowly draining its rural districts not only of its beef and dairy animals but also using the finer breeding animals and the end of the war would see a condition of affairs which would render necessary almost the repopulation of the continent.

The opportunity of Western Canadian stockmen, therefore, lay in being prepared for this demand when it arose. In view of these facts which must be patent to every student of economic conditions as related to the stock industry, he hoped to see within the next three years the stock raising industry in Saskatchewan given an immense impetus forward, which would put it in the forefront of the producing provinces of the Dominion.—Advertisement.

Recipe or Pattern? Stella called on her newly married friend, Bella, and found her attired in a handsome gown, while her maid were full of fashion papers and cookery books.

"Hallo!" she exclaimed. "What are you going to make?"

"Some cakes," replied the young wife proudly.

"But why have you got out those fashion papers as well as the cookery books?"

"You see," confessed Bella, rather shamefacedly, "I'm a bit of a novice at cooking. Tell me, do you make cakes, or do you use a recipe or pattern?"

"Philadelphian Public Ledger."

Oh Don't Neglect Your Teeth Many a good-looking person appears homely when they laugh and show their poor teeth. Consult your DENTIST often and use "SPEARMINTO TOOTH PASTE," the formula of JOHN O. BUTLER, D. D. S., every day. Poor teeth cause bad breath. "SPEARMINTO" overcomes that. Start using "SPEARMINTO" today. It is safe for every member of the family. No ALCOHOL—NO SOAP—NO COLORING—GRIT—NO RECIPES OR PATTERNS! With each sample, Address, THE SPEARMINTO CO., 336 W. 63d St., Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

Sure Way. "Senator, I wish you'd recommend this young man for office."

"But I know of no office I could get him."

"That's all right. I don't really want him to get any office. But he wants to marry my daughter, and if he has done anything shady in the past I'd like to have the facts brought out."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes feel easy, and gives instant relief to corns and bunions. Try it today. Sold everywhere. For FREE trial package, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Most Likely. "I see that trust magnate has bought a farm out in the country."

"What do you suppose he is going to raise?"